Douglas.

Agis

Siege of Aquileia

Fatal Discovery

Alonzo

Alfred

DOUGLAS:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

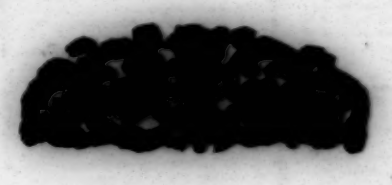
COVENT-GARDEN,

AND

EDINBURGH.

Non ego ſum vates, ſed priſcius conſcius ævi.

A NEW EDITION.



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M DCC LXXVI.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

IN antient times, when Britain's *trade was arms,*
And the lov'd muſic of her youth, alarms,
A god-like race ſuſtain'd fair England's *fame:*
Who has not heard of gallant PIERCY's *name?*
Ay, and of DOUGLAS *? Such illuſtrious foes*
In rival ROME *and* Carthage *never roſe!*
From age to age bright ſhone the Britiſh *fire,*
And every hero was a hero's ſire.
When powerful Fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up ſprung the Phœnix from his parent's tomb.
But whilſt theſe generous rivals fought and fell,
Theſe generous rivals lov'd each other well:
Tho' many a bloody field was loſt and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PIERCY *wrong'd defy'd his prince or peers,*
Faſt came the DOUGLAS, *with his* Scottiſh *ſpears;*
And, when proud DOUGLAS *made his King his foe,*
For DOUGLAS, PIERCY *bent his* Engliſh *bow.*
Expell'd their native homes by adverſe fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:

Then

PROLOGUE.

Then blaz'd the caſtle, at the midnight hour,
For him whoſe arms had ſhook its firmeſt tower.
This night a DOUGLAS *your protection claims;*
A wife! a mother! pity's ſofteſt names:
The ſtory of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your Suppliant all ſhe begs, a tear.
In confidence, ſhe begs; and hopes to find
Each Engliſh *breaſt, like noble* PIERCY's, *kind.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

As represented originally at *Edinburgh*.

Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. YOUNGER.
GLENALVON,	Mr. LOVE.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,	Mr. DIGGS.
STRANGER,	Mr. HAYMAN.
SERVANTS, &c.	

WOMEN.

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. WARD.
ANNA,	Mrs. HOPKINS.

As represented at *Edinburgh*, 1768.

Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. KENNEDY.
GLENALVON,	Mr. DAVIES.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,	Mr. ROSS.
STRANGER,	Mr. ADAMS.
SERVANTS, &c.	

WOMEN.

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. BAKER.
ANNA,	Mrs. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

At *Covent-Garden*, 1757.

Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. RIDOUT.
GLENALVON,	Mr. SMITH.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,	Mr. BARRY.
STRANGER,	Mr. SPARKS.
SERVANTS, &c.	

WOMEN.

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON,
ANNA,	Mrs. VINCENT.

At *Drury-Lane*, 1769.

Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
GLENALVON,	Mr. PALMER.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,	Mr. BRERETON.
STRANGER,	Mr. PACKER.
SERVANTS, &c.	

WOMEN.

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. BARRY.
ANNA,	Mrs. REDDISH.

DOUGLAS:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court of a caſtle, ſurrounded with woods.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whoſe melancholy gloom
Accords with my ſoul's ſadneſs, and draws forth
The voice of ſorrow from my burſting heart,
Farewell a while: I will not leave you long;
For in your ſhades I deem ſome ſpirit dwells,
Who from a chiding ſtream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and anſwers to MATILDA's moan.
O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! if departed ghoſts

Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the paſſion of immortals hear'ſt
My lamentation: hear'ſt thy wretched wife
Weep for her huſband ſlain, her infant loſt.
My brother's timeleſs death I ſeem to mourn:
Who periſh'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee addreſs
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
O diſregard me not; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my DOUGLAS, in thy bloody grave.
But RANDOLPH comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
To chide my anguiſh, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Again theſe weeds of woe! ſay, do'ſt thou well
To feed a paſſion which conſumes thy life?
The living claim ſome duty; vainly thou
Beſtow'ſt thy cares upon the ſilent dead.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
Childleſs, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Time, that wears out the trace of deepeſt anguiſh,
Has paſt o'er thee in vain. Wou'd thou wer't not
Compos'd of grief and tenderneſs alone!
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir MALCOLM:
Strong was his rage, eternal his reſentment:
For when thy brother fell, he ſmil'd to hear
That DOUGLAS' ſon in the ſame field was ſlain.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Oh! rake not up the aſhes of my fathers:
Implacable reſentment was the crime,
And grievous has the expiation been.

Con-

Contending with the DOUGLAS, gallant lives
Of either houſe were loſt; my anceſtors
Compell'd, at laſt, to leave their ancient ſeat
On Tiviot's pleaſant banks; and now, of them
No heir is left. Had they not been ſo ſtern,
I had not been the laſt of all my race.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Thy grief wreſts to its purpoſes my words.
I never aſk'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breaſts of fancy's children burns.
Decent affection, and complacent kindneſs
Were all I wiſh'd for; but I wiſh'd in vain.
Hence with the leſs regret my eyes behold
The ſtorm of war that gathers o'er this land:
If I ſhould periſh by the Daniſh ſword,
MATILDA would not ſhed one tear the more.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thou do'ſt not think ſo. woeful as I am
I love thy merit, and eſteem thy virtues.
But whither goeſt thou now?

Lord RANDOLPH.

Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on tip-toe ſtands
Of expectation, and impatient aſks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady RANDOLPH.

O, may adverſe winds,
Far from the coaſt of Scotland drive their fleet!
And every ſoldier of both hoſts return
In peace and ſafety to his pleaſant home!

Lord RANDOLPH.

Thou ſpeak'ſt a woman's, hear a warrior's wiſh:
Right from their native land, the ſtormy north,
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd

Immoveable in Caledonia's ſtrand!
Then ſhall our foes repent their bold invaſion,
And roving armies ſhun the fatal ſhore.

Lady RANDOLPH.

War I deteſt: but war with foreign foes,
Whoſe manners, language, and whoſe looks are ſtrange,
Is not ſo horrid, nor to me ſo hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
A river here, there an ideal line
By fancy drawn, divides the ſiſter kingdoms.
On each ſide dwells a people ſimilar,
As twins are to each other, valiant both,
Both for their valour famous thro' the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And, if they muſt have war, wage diſtant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in ſtrife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their paſtime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to ſummer ſport:
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapleſs land;
And ſuch the fruit of Scotch and Engliſh wars.

Lord RANDOLPH.

I'll hear no more: this melody would make
A ſoldier drop his ſword, and doff his arms,
Sit down and weep the conqueſts he has made;
Yea, (like a monk) ſing reſt and peace in heav'n
To ſouls of warriors in his battles ſlain.
Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whoſe love makes duty light.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

Forgive the raſhneſs of your ANNA's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus preſum'd

To

To interrupt your ſolitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And loſe in ſadneſs.

Lady RANDOLPH.

So to loſe my hours
Is all the uſe I wiſh to make of time.

ANNA.

To blame thee, lady, ſuits not with my ſtate:
But ſure I am, ſince death firſt prey'd on man,
Never did ſiſter thus a brother mourn.
What had your ſorrows been if you had loſt,
In early youth, the huſband of your heart?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Oh!

ANNA.

Have I diſtreſs'd you with officious love,
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
Forgive me, lady: humble tho' I am,
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
So fervently I love you, that to dry
Theſe piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady RANDOLPH.

What power directed thy unconſcious tongue
To ſpeak as thou haſt done? to name——

ANNA.

I know not:
But ſince my words have made my miſtreſs tremble,
I will ſpeak ſo no more; but ſilent mix
My tears with hers.

Lady RANDOLPH.

No, thou ſhalt not be ſilent.
I'll truſt thy faithful love, and thou ſhalt be
Henceforth th' inſtructed partner of my woes.
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?

Com-

Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

ANNA.

What means my noble miſtreſs?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Didſt thou not aſk what had my ſorrows been,——
If I in early youth had loſt a huſband?———
In the cold boſom of the earth is lodg'd,
Mangl'd with wounds, the huſband of my youth;
And in ſome cavern of the ocean lies
My child and his.——

ANNA.

O! lady, moſt rever'd!
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Alas! an ancient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the ſource
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother ſhould in battle ſave
The life of DOUGLAS' ſon, our houſe's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendſhip.
To ſee the vaunted ſiſter of his friend
Impatient, DOUGLAS to Balarmo came,
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
Nor did I long refuſe the hand he begg'd:
My brother's preſence authoriz'd our marriage.
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd
To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In ſpite of all my tears, did MALCOLM go.
Scarce were they gone, when my ſtern ſire was told
That the falſe ſtranger was lord DOUGLAS' ſon.
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his ſword
And queſtion'd me. Alone, forſaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his ſword, fault'ring I took

An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
Wed one of DOUGLAS' name. Sincerity!
Thou firſt of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! altho' the earth ſhould gape,
And from the gulf of hell deſtruction cry
To take diſſimulation's winding way.

ANNA.

Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durſt own a truth ſo hardy!

Lady RANDOLPH.

The firſt truth
Is eaſieſt to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral, from my tragic tale.——
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That DOUGLAS and my brother both were ſlain.
My lord! my life! my huſband! —— mighty God!
What had I done to merit ſuch affliction?

ANNA.

My deareſt lady! many a tale of tears
I've liſten'd to; but never did I hear
A tale ſo ſad as this.

Lady RANDOLPH.

In the firſt days
Of my diſtracting grief, I found myſelf——
As women wiſh to be who love their lords.
But who durſt tell my father? The good prieſt
Who join'd our hands, my brother's antient tutor,
With his lov'd MALCOLM, in the battle fell:
They two alone were privy to the marriage.
On ſilence and concealment I reſolv'd,
Till time ſhould make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my ſon was born,
My nurſe, the only confidant I had,
Set out with me to reach her ſiſter's houſe:
But nurſe, nor infant, have I ever ſeen,
Or heard of ANNA, ſince that fatal hour.
My murder'd child! — had thy fond mother fear'd

The loſs of thee, ſhe had loud fame defy'd,
Deſpis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
And wander'd with thee thro' the ſcorning world.

ANNA.

Not ſeen, nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady RANDOLPH.

No. It was dark December: wind and rain
Had beat all night. Acroſs the Carron lay
The deſtin'd road; and in its ſwelling flood
My faithful ſervant periſh'd with my child.
O hapleſs ſon! of a moſt hapleſs ſire! ——
But they are both at reſt: and I alone
Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
Like a guilt-troubl'd ghoſt, my painful rounds:
Nor has deſpiteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a ſolitary ſorrow.
Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
RANDOLPH, who ſnatch'd me from a villain's arms;
And RANDOLPH now poſſeſſes the domains,
That by Sir MALCOLM's death on me devolv'd;
Domains, that ſhould to DOUGLAS' ſon have giv'n
A baron's title, and a baron's power.
Such were my ſoothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
The ſlaughter'd father of a ſon unborn.
And when that ſon came, like a ray from heav'n,
Which ſhines and diſappears; alas! my child!
How long did thy fond mother graſp the hope
Of having thee, ſhe knew not how, reſtor'd.
Year after year hath worn her hope away;
But left ſtill undiminiſh'd her deſire.

ANNA.

The hand, that ſpins th' uneven thread of life,
May ſmooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Not in this world: I have conſider'd well
Its various evils, and on whom they fall.

Alas!

Alas! how oft does goodneſs wound itſelf?
And ſweet affection prove the ſpring of woe.
O! had I died when my lov'd huſband fell!
Had ſome good angel op'd to me the book
Of providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke, when I beheld the ſum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

ANNA.

That God, whoſe miniſters good angels are,
Hath ſhut the book in mercy to mankind.
But we muſt leave this theme: GLENALVON comes:
I ſaw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
And hitherwards he ſlowly ſtalks his way.

Lady RANDOLPH.

I will avoid him. An ungracious perſon
Is doubly irkſome in an hour like this.

ANNA.

Why ſpeaks my lady thus of RANDOLPH's heir.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Becauſe he's not the heir of RANDOLPH's virtues.
Subtle and ſhrew'd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himſelf:
And he with eaſe can vary to the taſte
Of different men, its features. Self-denied,
And maſter of his appetites he ſeems:
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to ſeize unſeen the wiſh'd-for prey.
Never were vice and virtue pois'd ſo ill,
As in GLENALVON's unrelenting mind.
Yet is he brave and politic in war,
And ſtands aloft in theſe unruly times.
Why I deſcribe him thus I'll tell hereafter:
Stay, and detain him till I reach the caſtle.

[*Exit Lady* RANDOLPH.

ANNA.

O happineſs! where art thou to be found?
I ſee thou dwelleſt not with birth and beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd:
Nor doſt thou, it would ſeem, with virtue dwell;
Elſe had this gentle lady miſs'd thee not.

Enter GLENALVON.

GLENALVON.

What doſt thou muſe on, meditating maid?
Like ſome entranc'd and viſionary ſeer,
On earth thou ſtand'ſt, thy thoughts aſcend to heaven.

ANNA.

Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou ſay'ſt, a ſeer,
To have my doubts by heavenly viſion clear'd!

GLENALVON.

What doſt thou doubt of? what haſt thou to do
With ſubjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,
Cannot be queſtioned: think of theſe good gifts;
And then thy contemplations will be pleaſing.

ANNA.

Let women view yon monument of woe,
Then boaſt of beauty: who ſo fair as ſhe?
But I muſt follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her antient woes.

[*Exit* ANNA.

GLENALVON *ſolus.*

So!—Lady RANDOLPH ſhuns me; by and by
I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord
Of theſe rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The ſeaſon is moſt apt; my ſounding ſteps
Will not be heard amidſt the din of arms.

RAN-

RANDOLPH has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the aſcendant once, and kept me down:
When I had ſeiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
Reſcu'd and had the lady for his labour;
I 'ſcap'd unknown: a ſlender conſolation!
Heav'n is my witneſs that I do not love
To ſow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harveſt. Yet I am not ſafe:
By love or ſomething like it, ſtung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my paſſion to his wife,
And ſhe has threatn'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man
Who ſtands betwixt me and my chief deſire.
No bar but he; ſhe has no kinſman near;
No brother in his ſiſter's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cauſe, a ſtranger's cauſe,
I know no chief that will defy GLENALVON.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court, &c.

Enter ſervants and a ſtranger at one door, and Lady RANDOLPH *and* ANNA *at another.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

WHAT means this clamour? ſtranger, ſpeak ſecure;
Haſt thou been wrong'd? have theſe rude men [preſum'd
To vex the weary traveller on his way?

Firſt SERVANT.

By us no ſtranger ever ſuffered wrong:
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
So ſore afraid he cannot ſpeak his fears.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and a young man, with their ſwords drawn and bloody.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

Not vain the ſtranger's fears! how fares my lord?

Lord RANDOLPH.

That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whoſe valour ſav'd me from a wretched death!
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the croſs way four armed men attack'd me:
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord RANDOLPH low,
Had not this brave and generous ſtranger come,

Like

Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they roſe no more,
The fierceſt two; the others fled amain,
And left him maſter of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady RANDOLPH: upon Beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleaſing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

Lady RANDOLPH.

My lord, I cannot ſpeak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave
Fought on your ſide, againſt ſuch fearful odds,
Have you not learn'd of him whom we ſhould thank?
Whom call the ſaviour of Lord RANDOLPH's life?

Lord RANDOLPH.

I aſk'd that queſtion, and he anſwer'd not:
But I muſt know who my deliverer is. (*To the Stranger.*)

STRANGER.

A low born man, of parentage obſcure,
Who nought can boaſt but his deſire to be
A ſoldier, and to gain a name in arms.

LORD RANDOLPH.

Whoe'er thou art, thy ſpirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
And ſtampt a hero by the ſovereign hand
Of nature! bluſh not, flower of modeſty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

STRANGER.

My Name is NORVAL: on the Grampion hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal ſwain,
Whoſe conſtant cares were to increaſe his ſtore,

And keep his only ſon, myſelf, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field ſome warlike lord;
And heav'n ſoon granted what my ſire denied.
This moon which roſe laſt night, round as my ſhield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Ruſh'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The ſhepherds fled
For ſafety, and for ſuccour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then haſted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty choſen men,
I met advancing. The purſuit I led,
'Till we o'ertook the ſpoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a ſword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I diſdain'd
The ſhepherd's ſlothful life; and having heard
That our good king had ſummon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron ſide,
I left my father's houſe, and took with me
A choſen ſervant to conduct my ſteps:——
Yon trembling coward who forſook his maſter.
Journeying with this intent, I paſt theſe towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

LORD RANDOLPH.

He is as wiſe as brave. Was ever tale
With ſuch a gallant modeſty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou ſhalt enter now
A nobler liſt, and in a monarch's ſight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame,

I will

I will preſent thee to our Scottiſh king,
Whoſe valiant ſpirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my MATILDA! wherefore ſtarts that tear?

Lady RANDOLPH.

I cannot ſay: for various affections,
And ſtrangely mingled, in my boſom ſwell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art ſafe; and admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy ſafety.
Obſcure and friendleſs, he the army fought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Reſolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his ſword
To gain diſtinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have periſh'd,
And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue ſerves no more
Beneath deſpair. The ſoldier now of hope
He ſtands conſpicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compaſs of his ſword.
On this my mind reflected, whilſt you ſpoke,
And bleſs'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Pious and greatful ever are thy thoughts!
My deeds ſhall follow where thou point'ſt the way.
Next to myſelf, and equal to GLENALVON,
In honour and command ſhall NORVAL be.

NORVAL.

I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,
In ſpeech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in ſuch a preſence: yet, my lord,
There's ſomething in my breaſt which makes me bold
To ſay that NORVAL ne'er will ſhame thy favour.

Lady RANDOLPH.

I will be ſworn thou wilt not. Thou ſhalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou doſt to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of RANDOLPH.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Well haſt thou ſpoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To* NORVAL.
We are thy debtors ſtill; thy high deſert
O'ertops our gratitude. I muſt proceed,
As was at firſt intended, to the camp.
Some of my train I ſee are ſpeeding hither,
Impatient, doubtleſs, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, NORVAL, and thine eyes ſhall ſee
The choſen warriors of thy native land,
Who languiſh for the fight, and beat the air,
With brandiſh'd ſwords.

NORVAL.

Let us be gone, my lord.

Lord RANDOLPH.

[*To Lady* RANDOLPH.

About the time that the declining ſun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills ſuſpend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within theſe walls I reſt; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feaſt.
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eve of battle may reſign
Himſelf to ſocial pleaſure; ſweeteſt then,
When danger to a ſoldier's ſoul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exit* RANDOLPH *and* NORVAL.

SCENE II.

Lady RANDOLPH and ANNA.

Lady RANDOLPH.

His parting words have ſtruck a fatal truth.
O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! tender was the time

When

When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguiſh and deſpair
Has heaven annex'd to thoſe ſwift paſſing hours
Of love and fondneſs! Then my boſom's flame
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
Returned, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

ANNA.

May gracious heav'n pour the ſweet balm of peace
Into the wounds that feſter in your breaſt!
For earthly conſolation cannot cure them.

Lady RANDOLPH.

One only cure can heav'n itſelf beſtow;—
A grave—that Bed in which the weary reſt.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I ſo?
At every happy parent I repine!
How bleſt the mother of yon gallant NORVAL!
She for a living huſband bore her pains,
And heard him bleſs her when a man was born:
She nurs'd her ſmiling infant on her breaſt;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleaſing boy:
She, with affection's triumph, ſaw the youth
In grace and comelineſs ſurpaſs his peers:
Whilſt I to a dead huſband bore a ſon,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

ANNA.

Alas! alas! why will you thus reſume
Your grief afreſh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your penſive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to beſtow.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Delighted ſay'ſt thou? Oh! even there mine eye

Found

Found fuel for my life-conſuming ſorrow;
I thought, that had the ſon of DOUGLAS liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant ſtranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in ſhape,
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming NORVAL might have number'd.
Whilſt thus I mus'd, a ſpark from fancy fell
On my ſad heart, and kindled up a fondneſs
For this young ſtranger wandring from his home,
And like an orphan caſt upon my care.
I will protect thee, (ſaid I to myſelf)
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

ANNA.

Sure heav'n will bleſs ſo gen'rous a reſolve.
You muſt, my noble dame, exert your power:
You muſt awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breaſt of NORVAL.

Lady RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON's falſe and crafty head will work
Againſt a rival in his kinſman's love,
If I deter him not: I only can.
Bold as he is, GLENALVON will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raiſe.
I'll be the artiſt of young NORVAL's fortune.
'Tis pleaſing to admire! moſt apt was I
To this affection in my better days;
Though now I ſeem to you ſhrunk up, retired
Within the narrow compaſs of my woe.
Have you not ſometimes ſeen an early flower
Open it's bud, and ſpread it's ſilken leaves,
To catch ſweet airs, and odours to beſtow;
Then, by the keen blaſt nipt, pull in it's leaves,
And, tho' ſtill living, die to ſcent and beauty?

Em-

Emblem of me: affliction, like a ſtorm,
Hath kill'd the forward bloſſom of my heart.

Enter GLENALVON.

GLENALVON.

Where is my deareſt kinſman, noble RANDOLPH?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Have you not heard, GLENALVON, of the baſe——

GLENALVON.

I have: and that the villains may not 'ſcape,
With a ſtrong band I have begirt the wood.
If they lurk there, alive they ſhall be taken,
And torture force from them th' important ſecret,
Whether ſome foe of RANDOLPH hir'd their ſwords,
Or if——

Lady RANDOLPH.

That care becomes a kinſman's love.
I have a counſel for GLENALVON's ear. [*Exit* ANNA.

GLENALVON.

To him your counſels always are commands.

Lady RANDOLPH.

I have not found ſo: thou art known to me.

GLENALVON.

Known!

Lady RANDOLPH.

And moſt certain is my cauſe of knowledge.

GLENALVON.

What do you know? By the moſt bleſſed croſs,
You much amaze me. No created thing,
Yourſelf except, durſt thus accoſt GLENALVON.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Is guilt ſo bold? and doſt thou make a merit
Of thy pretended meekneſs? This to me,
Who, with a gentleneſs which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worſe than that,

An

An outcaſt beggar, and unpitied too:
For mortals ſhudder at a crime like thine.

GLENALVON.

Thy virtue awes me. Firſt of womankind!
Permit me yet to ſay, that the fond man
Whom love tranſports beyond ſtrict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to miſery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on ſuch beggars freely is beſtowed:
For mortals know that love is ſtill their lord,
And o'er their vain reſolves advances ſtill:
As fire, when kindled by our ſhepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Reſerve theſe accents for ſome other ear.
To love's apology I liſten not.
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou ſhould'ſt.
His brave deliverer RANDOLPH here retains.
Perhaps his preſence may not pleaſe thee well:
But, at my peril, practiſe ought againſt him:
Let not thy jealouſy attempt to ſhake
And looſen the good root he has in RANDOLPH;
Whoſe favourites I know thou haſt ſupplanted.
Thou look'ſt at me as if thou fain would'ſt pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my ſpeech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendleſs ſtranger my protection claims:
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Manet GLENALVON.

Child that I was, to ſtart at my own ſhadow,
And be it the ſhallow fool of coward conſcience!
I am not what I have been; what I ſhould be.
The darts of deſtiny have almoſt pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends, and religious tales,
I ſhould conclude there was an arm above
That fought againſt me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myſelf, the ſubtle ſnare I ſet.
Why, rape and murder are not ſimple means!
Th' imperfect rape to RANDOLPH gave a ſpouſe;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the ſun from me;
And worſt of all, a rival. Burning hell!
This were thy center, if I thought ſhe loved him!
'Tis certain ſhe contemns me; nay commands me,
And waves the flag of her diſpleaſure o'er me,
In his behalf. And ſhall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd, as ſhe calls it, by dame chaſtity?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,
Riſe up and fill my boſom with your fires
And policy remorſeleſs! Chance may ſpoil
A ſingle aim; but perſeverance muſt
Proſper at laſt. For chance and fate are words:
Perſiſtive wiſdom is the fate of man.
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when riſing in the eaſt,

Croſs'd

Croſs'd and divided by ſtrange-colour'd clouds.
I'll ſeek the ſlave who came with NORVAL hither,
And for his cowardice was ſpurned from him.
I've known ſuch followers rankled boſom breed
Venom moſt fatal to his heedleſs lord. [*Exit.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Court, &c. as before.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

THY vaſſals, Grief! great nature's order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
Whilſt Lady RANDOLPH ſleeps, I will walk forth,
And taſte the air that breathes on yonder bank.
Sweet may her ſlumbers be! Ye miniſters
Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
Angels and ſeraphs who delight in goodneſs!
Forſake your ſkies, and to her couch deſcend!
There from her fancy chaſe thoſe diſmal forms
That haunt her waking; her ſad ſpirit charm
With images celeſtial, ſuch as pleaſe
The bleſt above upon their golden beds.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

One of the vile aſſaſſins is ſecur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His firſt eſſay: theſe jewels were conceal'd
In the moſt ſecret places of his garment;
Belike the ſpoils of ſome that he has murder'd.

ANNA.

Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
The choſen creſt of DOUGLAS' valiant name!

Theſe are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

Exit ANNA.

Enter Servants with a priſoner.

PRISONER.

I know no more than does the child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

First SERVANT.

You ſay ſo, ſir!
But torture ſoon ſhall make you ſpeak the truth.
Behold the Lady of Lord RANDOLPH comes:
Prepare yourſelf to meet her juſt revenge.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

ANNA.

Summon your utmoſt fortitude, before
You ſpeak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at ſtake. Think of the fatal ſecret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thou ſhalt behold me, with a deſperate heart,
Hear how my infant periſh'd. See he kneels.

[*The priſoner kneels.*

PRISONER.

Heav'n bleſs that countenance ſo ſweet and mild!
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
O ſave me Lady! from theſe cruel men,
Who have attack'd and ſeiz'd me; who accuſe
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment ſeat of God,
The tender lamb, that never nipt the graſs,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady

Lady RANDOLPH.

Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

First SERVANT.

We found him lurking in the hollow Glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled.
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence
And what he was: he ſaid he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not ſatisfied with this we ſearched his cloaths,
And found theſe jewels; whoſe rich value plead
Moſt powerfully againſt him. Hard he ſeems
And old in villainy. Permit us to try
His ſtubbornneſs againſt the torture's force.

PRISONER.

O gentle lady! by your lord's dear life!
Which theſe weak hands, I ſwear, did ne'er aſſail;
And by your childrens welfare, ſpare my age!
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Account for theſe: thine own they cannot be:
For theſe, I ſay: be ſtedfaſt to the truth;
Detected falſhood is moſt certain death.

[ANNA *removes the ſervants and returns.*

PRISONER.

Alas! I'm ſore beſet! let never man,
For ſake of lucre, ſin againſt his ſoul!
Eternal juſtice is in this moſt juſt!
I, guiltleſs now, muſt former guilt reveal.

Lady RANDOLPH.

O! ANNA hear!—once more I charge thee ſpeak
The truth direct: for theſe to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An inſtant and a dreadful death abides thee.

PRISONER.

Then, thus adjur'd, I'll ſpeak to you as juſt
As if you were the miniſter of heaven,
Sent down to ſearch the ſecret ſins of men.
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land,
Of brave Sir MALCOLM, then BALARMO's lord;
But falling to decay, his ſervants ſeiz'd
All that I had, and then turned me and mine,
(Four helpleſs infants and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.
A little hovel by the river's ſide
Received us: there hard labour, and the ſkill
In fiſhing, which was formerly my ſport,
Supported life. Whilſt thus we poorly liv'd,
One ſtormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry ſpirit of the water ſhriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I roſe, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within
My reach whatever floating thing the ſtream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the perſon loſt:
But looking ſad and earneſt on the waters,
By the moon's light I ſaw, whirl'd round and round,
A baſket: ſoon I drew it to the bank,
And neſtled curious there an infant lay.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Was he alive?

PRISONER.

He was.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Inhuman that thou art!
How couldſt thou kill what waves and tempeſts ſpared?

PRI-

PRISONER.

I am not ſo inhuman.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Didſt thou not?

ANNA.

My noble miſtreſs, you are mov'd too much:
This man has not the aſpect of ſtern murder;
Let him go on, and you I hope will hear
Good tidings of your kinſman's long loſt child.

PRISONER.

The needy man, who has known better days,
One whom diſtreſs has ſpited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do ſuch deeds, as makes the proſperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them,
And ſuch a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who ſaw no end of black adverſity:
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Ha! doſt thou ſay ſo; Then perhaps he lives!

PRISONER.

Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady RANDOLPH.

O! God of heav'n! Did he then die ſo lately?

PRISONER.

I did not ſay he died; I hope he lives.
Not many days ago theſe eyes beheld
Him, flouriſhing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Where is he now?

PRISONER.

Alas! I know not where.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Oh fate! I fear thee ſtill. Thou riddler, ſpeak
Direct and clear; elſe I will ſearch thy ſoul.

ANNA.

Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impatience,
Tho' hard to be reſtrain'd, defeats itſelf.—
Purſue thy ſtory with a faithful tongue,
To the laſt hour that thou didſt keep the child.

PRISONER.

Fear not my faith, tho' I muſt ſpeak my ſhame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was ſtow'd a mighty ſtore of gold and jewels;
Tempted by which we did reſolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event,
And like a peaſant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our eſtate,
We left the country, travell'd to the north,
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
Our ſecret wealth. But God's all-ſeeing eye
Beheld our avarice, and ſmote us ſore.
For one by one all our own children died,
And he the ſtranger, ſole remain'd the heir
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondneſs lov'd the boy,
Have truſted him, now in the dawn of youth,
With his own ſecret: but my anxious wife,
Forboding evil, never would conſent.
Mean while the ſtripling grew in years and beauty;
And, as we oft obſerved, he bore himſelf,
Not as the offſpring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
I ſet myſelf againſt his warlike bent;
But all in vain: for when a deſperate band
Of robbers from the ſavage mountains came——

Lady

Lady RANDOLPH.

Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

PRISONER.

My name is NORVAL; and my name he bears.

Lady RANDOLPH.

'Tis he; 'tis he himſelf! It is my ſon!
O ſovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I ſaw!
No wonder, ANNA, that my boſom burn'd.

ANNA.

Juſt are your tranſports: ne'er was woman's heart
Prov'd with ſuch fierce extremes. High fated dame!
But yet remember that you are beheld
By ſervile eyes; your geſtures may be ſeen
Impaſſion'd, ſtrange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Well doſt thou counſel, ANNA: Heav'n beſtow
On me that wiſdom which my ſtate requires!

ANNA.

The moments of deliberation paſs,
And ſoon you muſt reſolve. This uſeful man
Muſt be diſmiſſed with ſafety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

PRISONER.

If I, amidſt aſtoniſhment and fear,
Have of your words and geſtures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient maſter;
The child I reſcu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady RANDOLPH.

With thee diſſimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir MALCOLM;
The child thou reſcu'dſt from the flood is mine.

PRISONER.

Bleſt be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath ſav'd my maſter's houſe!

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thy words ſurprize me: ſure thou doſt not feign:
The tear ſtands in thine eye: ſuch love from thee
Sir MALCOLM's houſe deſerv'd not; if aright
Thou told'ſt the ſtory of thy own diſtreſs.

PRISONER.

Sir MALCOLM of our barons was the flower;
Tho' faſteſt friend, the beſt and kindeſt maſter.
But ah! he knew not of my ſad eſtate.
After the battle, where his gallant ſon,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew deſperate and reckleſs of the world;
And never, as he erſt was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his ſervants.
By them I was thruſt out, and them I blame:
May heav'n ſo judge me as I judg'd my maſter!
And God ſo love me as I love his race!

Lady RANDOLPH.

His race ſhall yet reward thee. On thy faith
Depends the fate of thy lov'd maſter's houſe.
Rememb'reſt thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the clifts of Carron?

PRISONER.

I remember
The cottage of the clifts.

Lady RANDOLPH.

'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's ſervice ſpent his youth:
Tell him I ſent thee, and with him remain,
'Till I ſhall call upon thee to declare,
Before the king and nobles, what thou now

To

To me haſt told. No more but this, and thou
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;
Thy ſon ſo long ſhall call thee father ſtill,
And all the land ſhall bleſs the man, who ſav'd
The ſon of DOUGLAS, and Sir MALCOLM's heir.
Remember well my words: if thou ſhouldſt meet
Him whom thou call'ſt thy ſon, ſtill call him ſo;
And mention nothing of his noble father.

PRISONER.

Fear not that I ſhall mar ſo fair an harveſt,
By putting in my ſickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,
And make him wear theſe jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and ſo bring
To light the ſecret of his noble birth.

[*Lady* RANDOLPH *goes towards the ſervants.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

This man is not th' aſſaſſin you ſuſpected,
Tho' chance combin'd ſome likelihoods againſt him.
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haſte he ſeeks.
'Tis meet that you ſhould put him on his way,
Since your miſtaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*

SCENE III.

Lady RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

Lady RANDOLPH.

My faithful ANNA! doſt thou ſhare my joy?
I know thou doſt. Unparallel'd event!
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my ſon!
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!

Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
For ſuch a gift! What does my ANNA think
Of the young eaglet of a valiant neſt?
How ſoon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
And tower'd up to the region of his ſire?

ANNA.

How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
Myſterious nature, with the unſeen cord
Of powerful inſtinct, drew you to your own.

Lady RANDOLPH.

The ready ſtory of his birth believ'd
Suppreſt my fancy quite; nor did he owe
To any likeneſs my ſo ſudden favour:
But now I long to ſee his face again,
Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of DOUGLAS, or my own.
But moſt of all, I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to claſp his neck,
And tell him all the ſtory of his father.

ANNA.

With wary caution you muſt bear yourſelf
In public, leſt your tenderneſs break forth,
And in obſervers ſtir conjectures ſtrange.
For, if a cherub in the ſhape of woman
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train—
To-day the baron ſtarted at your tears.

Lady RANDOLPH.

He did ſo ANNA! well thy miſtreſs knows,
If the leaſt circumſtance, mote of offence,
Should touch the baron's eye, his ſight would be
With jealouſy diſorder'd. But the more
It does behove me inſtant to declare
The birth of DOUGLAS, and aſſert his rights,

This

This night I purpoſe with my ſon to meet,
Reveal the ſecret and conſult with him:
For wiſe he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, ſo look'd his noble father,
Array'd in nature's eaſe: his mien, his ſpeech,
Were ſweetly ſimple, and full oft deceiv'd
Thoſe trivial mortals who ſeem always wiſe.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up roſe the Hero: on his piercing eye
Sat Obſervation; on each glance of thought
Deciſion follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
Purſues the flaſh.

ANNA.

That demon haunts you ſtill:
Behold GLENALVON.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Now I ſhun him not.
This day I brav'd him in behalf of NORVAL;
Perhaps too far: at leaſt my nicer fears
For DOUGLAS thus interpret.

Enter GLENALVON.

GLENALVON.

Noble Dame!
The hov'ring Dane at laſt his men hath landed;
No band of pirates; but a mighty hoſt,
That come to ſettle where their valour conquers:
To win a country, or to loſe themſelves.

Lady RANDOLPH.

But whence comes this intelligence, GLENALVON?

GLENALVON.

A nimble courier ſent from yonder camp,
To haſten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me, as he paſs'd, that the fierce Dane
Had on the Eaſtern coaſt of Lothian landed,

Near

Near to that place where the ſea-rock immenſe,
Amazing Baſs, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Then muſt this weſtern army march to join,
The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.

GLENALVON.

Beyond all queſtion. If impairing time
Has not effac'd the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breaſt, there is a wild
Which lies to weſtward of that mighty rock,
And ſeems by nature formed for the camp
Of water-wafted armies, whoſe chief ſtrength
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horſe:
If martial ſkill directs the Daniſh lords,
There inacceſſible their army lies
To our ſwift-ſcowring horſe, the bloody field
Muſt man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.

Lady RANDOLPH.

How many mothers ſhall bewail their ſons!
How many widows weep their huſband's ſlain!
Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,
Who, ſadly ſitting on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Long look for lords that never ſhall return.

GLENALVON.

Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian ſword
Widow'd the north. The children of the ſlain
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.
The monſter war, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects ſuited to GLENALVON's ſoul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach, more piercing than the pointed ſword.

Lady RANDOLPH.

I ſcorn thee not, but when I ought to ſcorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when inſulted virtue
Againſt audacious vice aſſerts herſelf.
I own thy worth, GLENALVON; none more apt
Than I to praiſe thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.
No longer vainly feed a guilty paſſion:
Go and purſue a lawful miſtreſs, Glory.
Upon the Daniſh creſts redeem thy fault,
And let thy valour be the ſhield of RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON.

One inſtant ſtay, and hear an alter'd man.
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abaſh'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will ſhew how truly:
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,
Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your ſlave,
Amidſt the ſhock of armies I'll defend,
And turn death from him, with a guardian arm,
Sedate by uſe, my boſom maddens not
At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Act thus, GLENALVON, and I am thy friend:
But that's thy leaſt reward. Believe me, Sir,
The truly generous is the truly wiſe;
And he who loves not others, lives unbleſt.

[*Exit Lady* RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON *ſolus.*

Amen! and virtue is its own reward!——
I think that I have hit the very tone
In which ſhe loves to ſpeak. Honey'd aſſent,
How pleaſing art thou to the taſte of man,
And woman alſo! flattery direct
Rarely diſguſts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,

And

And opes the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have ſucceeded now, I know not.
Yet I incline to think her ſtormy virtue
Is lull'd awhile: 'tis her alone I fear:
Whilſt ſhe and RANDOLPH live, and live in faith
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
Fate o'er my head ſuſpends diſgrace and death,
By that weak air, a peeviſh female's will.
I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows
Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
That ſlave of NORVAL's I have found moſt apt:
I ſhew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his ſoul
To ſay and ſwear whatever I ſuggeſt.
NORVAL, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have obſerv'd
To charm the nicer and fantaſtic dames,
Who are, like lady RANDOLPH, full of virtue.
In raiſing RANDOLPH's jealouſy I may
But point him to the truth. He ſeldom errs
Who thinks the worſt he can of womankind.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Flouriſh of Trumpets.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *attended.*

Lord RANDOLPH.

SUmmon an hundred horſe, by break of day,
To wait our pleaſure at the caſtle gate.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Alas! my Lord! I've heard unwelcome news;
The Danes are landed.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a ſpoil:
No ſportive war, no tournament eſſay,
Of ſome young knight reſolved to break a ſpear,
And ſtain with hoſtile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed: we muſt beat them back,
Or live the ſlaves of Denmark.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Dreadful times!

Lord RANDOLPH.

The fenceleſs villages are all forſaken;
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd
In well-girt towers and caſtles; whilſt the men

Retire

Retire indignant. Yet like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Immenſe, as fame reports, the Daniſh hoſt!

Lord RANDOLPH.

Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':
Brothers, that ſhrink not from each other's ſide,
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
The huſband, and the fearleſs father arm.
In vulgar breaſts heroic ardour burns,
And the poor peaſant mates his daring lord.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Men's minds are temper'd, like their ſwords, for war;
Lovers of danger, on deſtruction's brink
They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
Hence, early graves; hence the lone widow's life;
And the ſad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
Where is our gallant gueſt?

Lord RANDOLPH.

Down in the vale
I left him, managing a fiery ſteed,
Whoſe ſtubbornneſs had foil'd the ſtrength and ſkill
Of every rider. But behold he comes,
In earneſt converſation with GLENALVON.

Enter NORVAL *and* GLENALVON.

GLENALVON! with the lark ariſe; go forth,
And lead my troops that lye in yonder vale:
Private I travel to the royal camp:
NORVAL, thou goeſt with me. But ſay, young man!
Where didſt thou learn ſo to diſcourſe of war,
And in ſuch terms, as I o'erheard to-day?
War is no village ſcience, nor its phraſe

A lan-

A language taught amongſt the ſhepherd ſwains.

NORVAL.

Small is the ſkill my lord delights to praiſe
In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the moſt remote
And inacceſſible by ſhepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring ſwains,
Auſtere and lonely, cruel to himſelf,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the ſhepherds' alms.
I went to ſee him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and pity. Mild he ſpake,
And, entring on diſcourſe, ſuch ſtories told
As made me oft reviſit his ſad cell.
For he had been a ſoldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold GODFREDO led,
Againſt th' uſurping Infidel diſplay'd
The croſs of Chriſt, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His ſpeech ſtruck from me, the old man wou'd ſhake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having ſhew'd his wounds, he'd ſit him down,
And all the live-long day diſcourſe of war.
To help my fancy, in the ſmooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marſhal'd hoſts;
Deſcrib'd the motions, and explained the uſe
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The ſquare, the creſcent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Chriſtian knew
Of war's vaſt art, was to this hermit known.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Why did this ſoldier in a deſart hide

Thoſe

Thoſe qualities, that ſhould have grac'd a camp?

NORVAL.

That too at laſt I learn'd. Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Meſſina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boiſt'rous captain of the ſea
Faſten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The ſtranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The ſoldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady RANDOLPH.

His brother!

NORVAL.

Yes; of the ſame parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveneſs:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
For many deaths has the ſurvivor ſuffer'd.
In the wild deſart on a rock he ſits,
Or on ſome nameleſs ſtream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghoſt;
And oft each night forſakes his ſullen couch,
To make ſad oriſons for him he ſlew.

Lady RANDOLPH.

To what myſterious woes are mortals born!
In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy perſons? Did the parents live?

NORVAL.

No; they were dead: kind heav'n clos'd their eyes
Before their ſon had ſhed his brother's blood.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!
There is a deſtiny in this ſtrange world,

Which

Which oft decrees an undeſerved doom:
Let ſchoolmen tell us why—From whence theſe ſounds?

[*Trumpets at a diſtance.*

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
Their valiant leader hails the noble RANDOLPH.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Mine ancient gueſt! does he the warriors lead?
Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

OFFICER.

No; worn with warfare, he reſigns the ſword.
His eldeſt hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON, go.
With hoſpitality's moſt ſtrong requeſt
Entreat the chief.

[*Exit* GLENALVON.

OFFICER.

My lord, requeſts are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lord RANDOLPH.

May victory ſit on the warrior's plume!
Braveſt of men! his flocks and herds are ſafe;
Remote from war's alarms his paſtures lye,
By mountain's inacceſſible ſecur'd:
Yet foremoſt he into the plain deſcends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the ancient world:
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But ſtill for love of glory and of arms,

Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Againſt each ſtrong antagoniſt the ſpear.
I'll go and preſs the hero to my breaſt.

[*Exit* RANDOLPH.

Manent Lady RANDOLPH *and* NORVAL.

Lady RANDOLPH.

The ſoldier's loftineſs, the pride and pomp
Inveſting awful war, NORVAL, I ſee,
Tranſport thy youthful mind.

NORVAL.

Ah! ſhould they not?
Bleſt be the hour I left my father's houſe!
I might have been a ſhepherd all my days,
And ſtole obſcurely to a peaſant's grave,
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I ſtand?
And, if I fall, with noble duſt I lye.

Lady RANDOLPH.

There is a gen'rous ſpirit in thy breaſt,
That could have well ſuſtain'd a prouder fortune:
This way with me; under yon ſpreading beech,
Unſeen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

NORVAL.

Let there be danger, lady, with the ſecret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my ſword, my life:
Theſe are the ſole poſſeſſions of poor NORVAL.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Know'ſt thou theſe gems?

NORVAL.

Durſt I believe mine eyes
I'd ſay I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thy father's ſay'ſt thou! ah! they were thy father's!

NORVAL.

NORVAL.

I ſaw them once, and curiouſly enquir'd
Of both my parents, whence ſuch ſplendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Then learn of me, thou art not NORVAL's ſon.

NORVAL.

Not NORVAL's ſon!

Lady RANDOLPH.

Nor of a ſhepherd ſprung.

NORVAL.

Lady, who am I then?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Noble thou art;
For noble was thy ſire!

NORVAL.

I will believe———
O! tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

Lady RANDOLPH.

DOUGLAS!

NORVAL.

Lord DOUGLAS, whom to day I ſaw?

Lady RANDOLPH.

His younger brother.

NORVAL.

And in yonder camp?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Alas!

NORVAL.

You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyſelf was born.

NORVAL.

Ah me unhappy! ere I ſaw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been ſorrow.

Lady RANDOLPH.

She lives; but waſtes her life in conſtant woe,
Weeping her huſband ſlain, her infant loſt.

NORVAL.

You that are ſkill'd ſo well in the ſad ſtory
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their deſtiny, now have compaſſion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppreſs'd by a baſe world, perhaps ſhe bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And deſolate, implores of heav'n, the aid
Her ſon ſhould give. It is, it muſt be ſo——
Your countenance confeſſes that ſhe's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the ſword——
Who ſhall reſiſt me in a parent's cauſe?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thy virtue ends her woe!—My ſon! my ſon!
I am thy mother, and the wife of DOUGLAS!

[*Falls upon his neck.*

NORVAL.

O heav'n and earth, how wond'rous is my fate!
Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady

Lady RANDOLPH.

Image of DOUGLAS! Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy ſire I pay to thee.

NORVAL.

Reſpect and admiration ſtill poſſeſs me,
Checking the love and fondneſs of a ſon.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my ſire ſurpaſs the reſt of men,
As thou excelleſt all of womankind!

Lady RANDOLPH.

Ariſe! my ſon! In me thou doſt behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For ſorrow made my ſummer haſte away.
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father:
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet ſometimes
Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
All hearts with ſoftneſs, or with ſpirit aw'd.

NORVAL.

How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
When DOUGLAS died. O I have much to aſk!

Lady RANDOLPH.

Hereafter thou ſhalt hear the lengthen'd tale
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
At preſent this: Thou art the rightful heir
Of yonder caſtle, and the wide domains
Which now Lord RANDOLPH, as my huſband, holds.
But thou ſhalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
To right thee ſtill: Before the king I'll kneel,
And call Lord DOUGLAS to protect his blood.

NORVAL.

The blood of DOUGLAS will protect itſelf.

Lady RANDOLPH.

But we ſhall need both friends and favour, boy,
To wreſt thy lands and lordſhip from the gripe
Of RANDOLPH and his kinſman. Yet I think
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

NORVAL.

To be the ſon of DOUGLAS is to me
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
And in the field I'll ſeek for fame and fortune.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thou doſt not know what perils and injuſtice
Await the poor man's valour. O! my ſon!
The nobleſt blood in all the land's abaſh'd,
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
Too long haſt thou been thus attended, DOUGLAS!
Too long haſt thou been deem'd a peaſant's child.
The wanton heir of ſome inglorious chief
Perhaps has ſcorn'd thee, in the youthful ſports;
Whilſt thy indignant ſpirit ſwell'd in vain!
Such contumely thou no more ſhalt bear:
But how I purpoſe to redreſs thy wrongs
Muſt be hereafter told. Prudence directs
That we ſhould part before yon chiefs return.
Retire, and from thy ruſtic follower's hand
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
Anxious to ſee thee, dictated before
This caſual opportunity aroſe
Of private conference. Its purport mark;
For as I there appoint we meet again.
Leave me, my Son! and frame thy manners ſtill
To NORVAL's, not to noble DOUGLAS' ſtate.

NORVAL.

I will remember. Where is NORVAL now?
That good old man.

Lady

Lady RANDOLPH.

At hand conceal'd he lies,
An uſeful witneſs. But beware, my ſon,
Of yon GLENALVON; in his guilty breaſt
Reſides a villain's ſhrewdneſs, ever prone
To falſe conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

NORVAL.

Has he indeed? Then let yon falſe GLENALVON
Beware of me.

[*Exit* DOUGLAS.

Manet Lady RANDOLPH.

There burſt the ſmother'd flame!
O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
Who father of the fatherleſs art call'd,
Protect my ſon! Thy inſpiration, Lord!
Hath fill'd his boſom with that ſacred fire,
Which in the breaſts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high like them, that he may ſhine
The ſtar and glory of his native land!
Then let the miniſter of death deſcend,
And bear my willing ſpirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aſpects to conceal their guilt?
When I by reaſon, and by juſtice urg'd,
Full hardly can diſſemble with theſe men
In nature's pious cauſe.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repoſe diſclaims.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Be not, my lord, by his example ſway'd:
Arrange the buſineſs of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, ſpeak of war no more.

[*Exit* Lady RANDOLPH.

Manent Lord RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

Lord RANDOLPH.

'Tis ſo, by heav'n! her mien, her voice, her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

GLENALVON.

He parted from her now: Behind the mount,
Amongſt the trees, I ſaw him glide along.

Lord RANDOLPH.

For ſad ſequeſter'd virtue ſhe's renown'd!

GLENALVON.

Moſt true my Lord.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Yet this diſtinguiſh'd dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This aſſignation, (*ſhews a letter*) the aſſaſſin freed,
Her manifeſt affection for the youth,
Might breed ſuſpicion in a huſband's brain,
Whoſe gentle conſort all for love had wedded:
Much more in mine. MATILDA never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whoſe heart he knows he has not; though ſhe brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her ſeem, like the night's ſhadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative;—He cannot truſt her:
She may, ſhe will, bring ſhame and ſorrow on him;
The worſt of ſorrow, and the worſt of ſhames!

GLENALVON.

GLENALVON.

Yield not, my Lord, to ſuch afflicting thoughts;
But let the ſpirit of an huſband ſleep,
'Till your own ſenſes make a ſure concluſion.
This billet muſt to blooming NORVAL go:
At the next turn awaits my truſty ſpy;
I'll give it him refitted for his maſter.
In the cloſe thicket take your ſecret ſtand;
The moon ſhines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behaviour.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Thou doſt counſel well.

GLENALVON.

Permit me now to make one ſlight eſſay.
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boaſt,
By wit, by valour, or by wiſdom won,
The firſt and faireſt, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Succeſsful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord RANDOLPH.

And what avails this maxim?

GLENALVON.

Much, my Lord!
Withdraw a little: I'll accoſt young NORVAL,
And with ironical deriſive counſel
Explore his ſpirit. If he is no more
Than humble NORVAL, by thy favour rais'd
Brave as he is, he'll ſhrink aſtoniſh'd from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the firſt of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's ſpear.

Lord RANDOLPH.

'Tis ſhrewdly thought.

GLE-

GLENALVON.

When we grow loud, draw near. But let my Lord
His riſing wrath reſtrain.

[*Exit* RANDOLPH.

Manet GLENALVON.

'Tis ſtrange, by heav'n!
That ſhe ſhould run full tilt her fond career,
To one ſo little known. She too that ſeem'd
Pure as the winter ſtream, when ice emboſs'd
Whitens its courſe. Even I did think her chaſte,
Whoſe charity exceeds not. Precious ſex!
Whoſe deeds laſcivious paſs GLENALVON's thoughts!

[NORVAL *appears.*

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
Has NORVAL ſeen the troops?

NORVAL.

The ſetting ſun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each poliſh'd helm,
Corſlet, or ſpear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal ſize, tow'ring, they ſeem'd
An hoſt angelic, clad in burning arms.

GLENALVON.

Thou talk'ſt it well; no leader of our hoſt
In ſounds more lofty ſpeaks of glorious war.

NORVAL.

If I ſhall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My ſpeech will be leſs ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itſelf freely; ſince no part is mine
Of praiſe, pertaining to the great in arms.

GLE-

GLENALVON.

You wrong yourſelf, brave Sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me, NORVAL;
Lord RANDOLPH's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous ſervice.
Let me, who know theſe ſoldiers, counſel you.
Give them all honour; ſeem not to command;
Elſe they will ſcarcely brook your late ſprung power,
Which nor alliance props, no birth adorns.

NORVAL.

Sir, I have been accuſtomed all my days
To hear and ſpeak the plain and ſimple truth:
And though I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendſhip's tongue to ſpeak their ſcorn,
Yet in ſuch language I am little ſkill'd.
Therefore I thank GLENALVON for his counſel,
Although it ſounded harſhly. Why remind
Me of my birth obſcure? Why ſtur my power
With ſuch contemptuous terms?

GLENALVON.

I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I ſee is great.

NORVAL.

My pride!

GLENALVON.

Suppreſs it as you wiſh to proſper.
Your pride's exceſſive. Yet for RANDOLPH's ſake
I will not leave you to its raſh direction.
If thus you ſwell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a ſhepherd's ſcorn?

NORVAL.

NORVAL.

A ſhepherd's ſcorn!

GLENALVON.

Yes; if you preſume
To bend on ſoldiers theſe diſdainful eyes,
As if you took the meaſure of their minds,
And ſaid in ſecret, you're no match for me;
What will become of you?

NORVAL.

If this were told!—— [*Aſide.*
Haſt thou no fears for thy preſumptuous ſelf!

GLENALVON.

Ha! doſt thou threaten me?

NORVAL.

Didſt thou not hear?

GLENALVON.

Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been queſtion'd thus. But ſuch as theee——

NORVAL.

Whom doſt thou think me?

GLENALVON.

Norval.

NORVAL.

So I am——
And who is NORVAL in GLENALVON's eyes?

GLENALVON.

A peaſant's ſon, a wandering beggar-boy;
At beſt no more, even if he ſpeaks the truth.

NORVAL.

Falſe as thou art, doſt thou ſuſpect my truth?

GLE-

GLENALVON.

Thy truth! thou'rt all a lye; and falſe as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'ſt to RANDOLPH.

NORVAL.

If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I ſhould revile: But as I am
I have no tongue to rail. The humble NORVAL
Is of a race, who ſtrive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy ſhallow valour,
And make thee ſink too ſoon beneath my ſword,
I'd tell thee——what thou art. I know thee well.

GLENALVON.

Didſt thou not know GLENALVON, born to command
Ten thouſand ſlaves like thee?

NORVAL.

Villain no more:
Draw and defend thy life. I did deſign
To have defy'd thee in another cauſe:
But heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady RANDOLPH's wrongs.

Enter Lord RANDOLPH.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Hold, I command you both. The man that ſtirs
Makes me his foe.

NORVAL.

Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly ſounded, noble RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON.

Hear him, my Lord; he's wond'rous condeſcending!
Mark the humility of ſhepherd NORVAL!

NORVAL.

Now you may ſcoff in ſafety.

[*Sheaths his ſword.*

Lord

Lord RANDOLPH.

Speak not thus,
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cauſe of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

NORVAL.

Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cauſe I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I bluſh to ſpeak; I will not, cannot ſpeak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a ſubject's homage: but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my boſom reigns another lord;
Honour, ſole judge, and umpire of itſelf.
If my free ſpeech offend you, noble RANDOLPH,
Revoke your favours, and let NORVAL go
Hence as he came, alone, but not diſhonoured.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields.
Suſpend your purpoſe, 'till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader: then decide
The private quarrel.

GLENALVON.

I agree to this.

NORVAL.

And I.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The banquet awaits.

Lord RANDOLPH.

We come.

[*Exit* RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON.

Norval,

Let

Let not our variance mar the ſocial hour,
Nor wrong the hoſpitality of RANDOLPH.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall ſtain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our ſtrife diſturb the gentle dame.

NORVAL.

Think not ſo lightly, Sir, of my reſentment:
When we contend again, our ſtrife is mortal.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Wood.

Enter DOUGLAS.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here ſtands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How ſweet and ſolemn is the midnight ſcene!
The ſilver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' ſkies where I could count each little ſtar.
The fanning weſt wind ſcarcely ſtirs the leaves;
The river, ruſhing o'er its pebbled bed,
Impoſes ſilence with a ſtilly ſound.
In ſuch a place as this, at ſuch an hour,
If anceſtry can be in ought believed,
Deſcending ſpirits have convers'd with man,
And told the ſecrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old NORVAL.

Old NORVAL.

'Tis he. But what if he ſhould chide me hence?
His juſt reproach I fear.

[DOUGLAS *turns and ſees him.*

Forgive, forgive,
Can'ſt thou forgive the man, the ſelfiſh man,
Who bred Sir MALCOLM's heir a ſhepherd's ſon.

DOUGLAS.

Kneel not to me: thou art my father ſtill:
Thy wiſh'd-for preſence now compleats my joy.

Welcome

Welcome to me, my fortunes thou ſhalt ſhare,
And ever honoured with thy DOUGLAS live.

Old NORVAL.

And doſt thou call me father? O my ſon!
I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderneſs ſo long conceal'd
The bloſſom of thy youth.

DOUGLAS.

Not worſe the fruit,
That in the wilderneſs the bloſſom blow'd.
Amongſt the ſhepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd ſome leſſons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
I, who was once a ſwain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and, when my vaſſals bow,
NORVAL ſhall ſmooth the creſted pride of DOUGLAS.

NORVAL.

Let me but live to ſee thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And thoſe unfriendly towers.

DOUGLAS.

Why ſhould I leave them?

NORVAL.

Lord RANDOLPH and his kinſman ſeek your life.

DOUGLAS.

How know'ſt thou that?

NORVAL.

I will inform you how.
When evening came, I left the ſecret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accuſtomed path
That to the caſtle leads. Whilſt thus I rang'd,
I was alarmed with unexpected ſounds

Of earneſt voices. On the perſons came:
Unſeen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, lord RANDOLPH this,
And that GLENALVON: ſtill of you they ſpoke,
And of the lady: threatning was their ſpeech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas ſtrange, they ſaid, a wonderful diſcov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

DOUGLAS.

Revenge! for what?

NORVAL.

For being what you are;
Sir MALCOLM's heir: how elſe have you offended?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there ſat muſing how I beſt might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpoſe.
But I could think of none: at laſt perplex'd
I iſſued forth, encompaſſing the tower
With many a weary ſtep and wiſhful look.
Now providence hath brought you to my ſight,
Let not your too courageous ſpirit ſcorn
The caution which I give.

DOUGLAS.

I ſcorn it not.
My mother warn'd me of GLENALVON's baſeneſs:
But I will not ſuſpect the noble RANDOLPH.
In our encounter with the vile aſſaſſins,
I mark'd his brave demeanor: him I'll truſt.

NORVAL.

I fear you will too far.

DOUGLAS.

Here in this place
I wait my mother's coming: ſhe ſhall know
What thou haſt told: her counſel I will follow:

And

And cautious ever are a mother's counſels.
You muſt depart; your preſence may prevent
Our interview.

NORVAL.

My bleſſing reſt upon thee!
O may heav'n's hand, which ſav'd thee from the wave,
And from the ſword of foes, be near thee ſtill;
Turning miſchance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine!

[*Exit Old* NORVAL.

DOUGLAS.

He loves me like a parent;
And muſt not, ſhall not loſe the ſon he loves,
Altho' his ſon has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how haſt thou chang'd my ſtate!
Once on the cold, and winter ſhaded ſide
Of a bleak hill, miſchance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another ſoil:
Tranſplanted now to the gay ſunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious ſtars! high heav'n's reſplendent hoſt!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my ſoul's unalter'd wiſh!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May heav'n inſpire ſome fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our hoſt!
Before he ſpeaks it out I will accept;
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH.

Lady RANDOLPH.

My ſon! I heard a voice——

DOUGLAS.

——The voice was mine.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Didſt thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in duſky ſhades, at midnight hours,
By ſtealth the mother and the ſon ſhould meet?
[*Embracing him.*

DOUGLAS.

No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Sad fear and melancholy ſtill divide
The empire of my breaſt with hope and joy.
Now hear what I adviſe.

DOUGLAS.

Firſt, let me tell
What may the tenor of your counſel change.

Lady RANDOLPH.

My heart forebodes ſome evil!

DOUGLAS.

'Tis not good.——
At eve, unſeen by RANDOLPH and GLENALVON,
The good old NORVAL in the grove o'erheard
Their converſation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings; you they ſometimes nam'd.
'Twas ſtrange, they ſaid, a wonderful diſcov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Defend us gracious God! we are betray'd:
They have found out the ſecret of thy birth;
It muſt be ſo. That is the great diſcovery.
Sir MALCOLM's heir is come to claim his own;
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait,
A darker and more ſilent hour, to break

Into

Into the chamber where they think thou ſleep'ſt.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to ſave thee!
Fly to the camp, my ſon!

DOUGLAS.

And leave you here?
No: to the caſtle let us go together,
Call up the antient ſervants of your houſe,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your ſon.
If in the breaſts of men one ſpark remains
Of ſacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cauſe will arm. I aſk but few
To drive thoſe ſpoilers from my father's houſe.

Lady RANDOLPH.

O nature, nature! what can check thy force?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring DOUGLAS!
But ruſh not on deſtruction: ſave thyſelf,
And I am ſafe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy ſtay but riſks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Croſs where thou ſeeſt a broad and beaten way,
Which running eaſtward leads thee to the camp.
Inſtant demand admittance to Lord DOUGLAS!
Shew him theſe jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will ſoon confirm.

DOUGLAS.

I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me ſtay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm atchiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,
And ſee if any ſhield can guard GLENALVON.

Lady RANDOLPH.

If thou regard'ſt thy mother, or rever'ſt
Thy father's memory, think of this no more.

One thing I have to ſay before we part:
Long wert thou loſt; and thou art found, my child,
In a moſt fearful ſeaſon. War and battle
I have great cauſe to dread. Too well I ſee
Which way the current of thy temper ſets:
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long loſt hope!
If thou to giddy valour giv'ſt the rein,
To-morrow I may loſe my ſon for ever.
The love of thee before thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Suſtained my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou ſhalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waſte world! my ſon remember me!

DOUGLAS.

What ſhall I ſay? how can I give you comfort?
The God of battles of my life diſpoſe
As may be beſt for you! for whoſe dear ſake
I will not bear myſelf as I reſolv'd.
But yet conſider, as no vulgar name
That which I boaſt ſounds amongſt martial men,
How will inglorious caution ſuit my claim?
The poſt of fate unſhrinking I maintain.
My country's foes muſt witneſs who I am.
On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth,
'Till friends and foes confeſs the genuine ſtrain.
If in this ſtriſe I fall, blame not your ſon,
Who if he lives not honour'd, muſt not live.

Lady RANDOLPH.

I will not utter what my boſom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my ſon! my counſels are but vain.
[*Embracing.*
And as high heaven hath will'd it all muſt be. [*ſeparate.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

Gaze not on me, thou wilt miſtake the path;

I'll

I'll point it out again.

[*Juſt as they are ſeparating, enter from the wood* Lord RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Not in her preſence.

Now——

GLENALVON.

I'm prepar'd.

Lord RANDOLPH.

No: I command thee ſtay.
I go alone: it never ſhall be ſaid
That I took odds to combat mortal man.
The nobleſt vengeance is the moſt compleat.

[*Exit Lord* RANDOLPH.

[GLENALVON *makes ſome ſteps to the ſame ſide of the ſtage, liſtens and ſpeaks.*

GLENALVON.

Demons of death come ſettle on my ſword,
And to a double ſlaughter guide it home!
The lover and the huſband both muſt die.

[Lord RANDOLPH *behind the ſcenes.*

Lord RANDOLPH.

Draw, Villain! draw.

DOUGLAS.

Aſſail me not, Lord RANDOLPH;
Not as thou lov'ſt thyſelf.

[*Claſhing of ſwords.*

[GLENALVON *running out.*

Now is the time.

Enter Lady RANDOLPH, *at the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage, faint and breathleſs.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

Lord RANDOLPH hear me; all ſhall be thine own;

But ſpare! Oh ſpare my ſon!

Enter DOUGLAS *with a ſword in each hand.*

My mother's voice!
I can protect thee ſtill.

Lady RANDOLPH.

He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to heaven eternal praiſe!
But ſure I ſaw thee fall.

DOUGLAS.

It was GLENALVON,
Juſt as my arm had maſter'd RANDOLPH's ſword,
The villain came behind me; but I ſlew him.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Behind thee! Ah! thou'rt wounded! O my child,
How pale thou look'ſt! and ſhall I loſe thee now?

DOUGLAS.

Do not deſpair: I feel a little faintneſs;
I hope it will not laſt.

[*Leans upon his ſword.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

There is no hope!
And we muſt part! the hand of death is on thee!
O my beloved child! O DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS.

[DOUGLAS *growing more and more faint.*

DOUGLAS.

Too ſoon we part: I have not long been DOUGLAS.
O deſtiny! hardly thou dealſt with me:
Clouded and hid, a ſtranger to myſelf,
In low and poor obſcurity I liv'd.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Has heav'n preſerv'd thee for an end like this?

DOUGLAS.

O had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,

Turning

Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle!
Like them I ſhould have ſmil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to periſh by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's courſe,
Which never mortal was ſo fond to run.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Hear juſtice! hear! are theſe the fruits of virtue?

DOUGLAS *falls.*

DOUGLAS.

Unknown I die; no tongue ſhall ſpeak of me.———
Some noble ſpirits, judging by themſelves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who ſhall comfort thee?

Lady RANDOLPH.

Deſpair! deſpair!

DOUGLAS.

O had it pleas'd high heaven to let me live
A little while!——my eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—— [*Dies.*

Enter Lord RANDOLPH *and* ANNA.

Lord RANDOLPH.

Thy words, the words of truth, have pierc'd my heart,
I am the ſtain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer ſurvives
The traitor's ſword—

ANNA.

Alas! look there, my Lord.

Lord RANDOLPH.

The mother and her Son! How curſt I am!
Was I the cauſe? No: I was not the cauſe.
Yon matchleſs villain did ſeduce my ſoul
To frantic jealouſy.

ANNA.

ANNA.

My Lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but ſuppreſs'd
A while her powers.

Lord RANDOLPH.

But my deliverer's dead!
The world did once eſteem Lord RANDOLPH well,
Sincere of heart, for ſpotleſs honour fam'd:
And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
Beneath the holy banner of the croſs.
Now paſt the noon of life, ſhame comes upon me;
Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
That RANDOLPH baſely ſtab'd Sir MALCOLM's heir.
[Lady RANDOLPH *recovering.*

Lady RANDOLPH.

Where am I now? Still in this wretched world!
Grief cannot break a heart ſo hard as mine.
My youth was worn in anguiſh: but youth's ſtrength,
With hope's aſſiſtance, bore the brunt of ſorrow;
And train'd me on to be the object now,
On which omnipotence diſplays itſelf,
Making a ſpectacle, a tale of me,
To awe its vaſſal, man.

Lord RANDOLPH.

O miſery!
Amidſt thy raging grief I muſt proclaim
My innocence.

Lady RANDOLPH.

Thy innocence!

Lord RANDOLPH.

My guilt
Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'ſt it.

Lady

Lady RANDOLPH.

Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee, or any thing? My ſon! my ſon!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with tranſport, when I thought
Of growing old amidſt a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my huſband's name:
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not ſo long!
What am I now?——I know.——But I ſhall be
That only whilſt I pleaſe; for ſuch a ſon
And ſuch a huſband make a woman bold.

[*Runs out.*

Lord RANDOLPH.

Follow her, ANNA: I myſelf would follow,
But in this rage ſhe muſt abhor my preſence.

[*Exit* ANNA.

Enter Old NORVAL.

NORVAL.

I heard the voice of woe: heaven guard my child!

Lord RANDOLPH.

Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The ſpiteful vulgar, come to gaze on RANDOLPH.
Begone.

NORVAL.

I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,

With

With thee in murder. Yes, my ſins did help
To cruſh down to the ground this lovely plant.
O nobleſt youth that ever yet was born!
Sweeteſt and beſt, gentleſt and braveſt ſpirit,
That ever bleſs'd the world! Wretch that I am,
Who ſaw that noble ſpirit ſwell and riſe
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do the juſtice, and reveal the ſecret,
Which timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's ſnare. Oh! I am puniſh'd now!
Theſe are the hairs that ſhould have ſtrew'd the ground,
And not the locks of DOUGLAS.

[*Tears his hair, and throws himſelf upon the ground.*

Lord RANDOLPH.

I know thee now: thy boldneſs I forgive;
My creſt is fallen. For thee I will appoint
A place of reſt, if grief will let thee reſt.
I will reward, altho' I cannot puniſh.
Curſt, curſt GLENALVON, he eſcap'd too well,
Tho' ſlain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the laſt,
Curſing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA.

My Lord! my Lord!

Lord RANDOLPH.

Speak: I can hear of horror.

ANNA.

ANNA.

Horror indeed!

Lord RANDOLPH.

MATILDA?

ANNA.

Is no more:
She ran, ſhe flew like light'ning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice ſhe gain'd,
Beaneath whoſe low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither ſhe came,
As fearleſs as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down——

Lord RANDOLPH.

'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breaſt with fury: drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

ANNA.

O had you ſeen her laſt deſpairing look!
Upon the brink ſhe ſtood, and caſt her eyes
Down in the deep: then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, ſeeming to ſay,
Why am I forc'd to this? She plung'd herſelf
Into the empty air.

Lord RANDOLPH.

I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the paſſion of my ſoul.
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
Theſe wounds the gratitude of RANDOLPH gave.
They ſpeak aloud, and with the voice of fate

Denounce

Denounce my doom. I am reſolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aſide muſt threaten worſe than death.
Thou, faithful to thy miſtreſs, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With coſt and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For RANDOLPH hopes he never ſhall return.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

AN Epilogue I aſk'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis moſt abſurd
With comic wit to contradict the ſtrain
Of tragedy, and make your ſorrows vain.
Sadly he ſays, that pity is the beſt,
And nobleſt paſſion of the human breaſt:
For when its ſacred ſtreams the heart o'er-flow,
In guſhes pleaſure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like thoſe of Nile,
They leave behind them ſuch a golden ſoil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the ſweet bloſſoms of affection blow.
Theſe were his words; void of deluſive art
I felt them; for he ſpoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chaſe away celeſtial melancholy.